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One Cake Vascine Family Soap,
One Cake Vascine Superline Soap,
One ounce Tube Capscam Vascine,
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One ounce Tube Campinated Vascine,
One ounce Tube Vascine,
Two ounce Tube Vascine,
Two ounce Tube Vascine,
Two ounce Tube Vascine,
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ALL THESE COODS ARE Of the RECULAR MARKET SIZES and STYLES SOLD by US. These articles are the best of their kind in the World, and the buyer will find every one of them exceedingly useful and worth very much more than the CHESESBOUGH MFG. CO., 25 STATE ST., NEW YORK CITY

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HIGHEST QUALITY OF ALL. Columbia Bicycles THE STANDARD

FOR ALL

AVE you feasted your eyes upon the beauty and grace of the 1895 Columbias? Have you tested and compared them with all others? Only by such testing can you know how fully the Columbia justifies its proud title of the Standard for the World. And the price is but

Catalogue of these famous wheels and of ilartfords, \$40 Co, freeat any Colum-bia Agency, or mailed for two o-cent stamps.

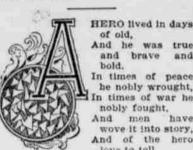
MPG.



VETERANS' CORNER.

SHORT STORIES RECALL OLD TIME MEMORIES.

Heroes," a Poem-Tender and True-Historical Relie-Capt. Clein a Major-Ancedotes and Incidents of the Late War.



and brave and In times of peace he nobly wrought, In times of war he nobly fought,

And men have wove it into story, And of the hero love to tell.

Who nobly fought and nobly fell Upon the field of glory.

But one there lived who met a woe More dire than any armed foc; He faithful bowed beneath the rod, He could not wrestle with his God. He could not fight, he only fell, And there was naught for men to tell, And so the tale was never told. Yet angels took their harps of gold, And all the halls of Heaven rang With echoes of the song they sang.

Tender and True.

For a long time a tall, spare man, past life's meridian, kept a little tailoring shop on Third street in Walla Walla where he eked out at best but a precarious existence. He said but little and walked quietly about as if to shun acquaintances, or to hide himself from the knowledge of men. He moved as one who bore with pain life's burden and longed to lay it down somewhere, anywhere so that it was done and he at peace. So, one day not long ago, word came that the strange old man was dead. He was found in a peaceful sleep, with one hand over his quiet heart. No one had seen him die. The beart. day before he told a young girl that he was sick and would soon be past "the sleeping and waking." As he had no relatives there, and no one to speak in his behalf, there was an inquest, and among his effects was an old, worn but loving letter from a sister who lived in a far off isle in the Southern

Two army discharges showed him to have served under the flery cross of St. George, in India, at Malta and at Gibraltar, and, as his life's history developed, it was found that he had been a soldier under the starry flag as well; and the verdict was that he had been an English soldier and was dead in a foreign land. If he had been seemingly friendless while living, he was not friendless now, when he was dead. For when it was known that he had been a soldier in the Union, the true-hearted boys of the Grand Army of the Repub-He asked no more, but silently gathered around him and tenderly lifted his poor, worn body into the casket they had provided, disposed his weary limbs at length, folded his thin hands, smoothed his hair as softly as his mother did in the glad days of his youth, and when they laid him down to rest within the shadow of the beautiful mountains, two flags lay crossed on John Creighton's breast. One was the flag of England, and one had on it forty-four stars.

Capt. Clem a Major.

Captain John Clem, the drummer boy of Chickamauga, has been promoted to the rank of major in the United States army. Captain Clem's life story is interesting: "He was born in Newark, O., Aug. 13, 1852. He was the third son of Roman and Elizabeth Clem, of Ger man descent. He had five brothers and three sisters. All are dead now except himself and one sister. His mother died in 1860, and shortly afterward his father married again. Having a child's prejudice against a stepmother, he ran away from home when not quite nine years of age, and his family heard nothing from him for over two years. How he came to join a Michigan regiment I never learned, but probably he wanted to get among strangers, so he would not be recognized and sent back home. Being fond of music, he soon became an excellent drummer, and he had such winning ways that the men made a pet of him wherever he went. There been different stories about shooting the rebel officer, but the following account is as nearly correct as I can remember: "After the battle the troops were somewhat mixed up, some of both sides having got beyond the lines. Johnny did not hear the command to retreat, and finding himself in a crowd where the men were taking prisoners, thought he would take one He had picked up a revolver that had been dropped by some officer, and stepping up to a rebel general said: 'You are my prisoner.' The general swore at him and threatened to kill him, but before he could make a movement Johnny fired; the man fell from his Johnny climbed into the dle and rode back to the Union lines. The story was confirmed by General George H. Thomas, and at the close of the war he had Johnny sent to West Point. He is now stationed at Atlanta Ga., and ranks as captain and assistant quartermaster. He was married at Fort McHenry May 25, 1875, to Miss Antla French, daughter of the late General French.

Historical Relic. No visitor to West Point fails to notice the few links of the iron chain that lie around the monument up near the hotel. They are the remains of the great chain which was stretched across the Hudson river during the Revolution, to prevent the British warships from salling past the forts and landing an army or marauding parties, Few people know that just above the entrance to Tuxedo park, on the east side of the railroad track, are the ruins of the building in which that chain was made. They are known as the old Augusta forge. The western gable and the south wall are all that are standing. It was never anything but a low stone building, a few feet square, and built by a country mason. It was called a forge because there iron was reduced from the ore by the old fash-loned charcoal method, and its counterparts were common all over the country within the last half century. It was owned by the Sterling iron mine company, one of the largest iron mansfactures of the day. Here was re-

duced the iron taken from the mine, four miles west, and the links hammered out by hand. When it became apparent to the continental war department that a chain was necessary to prevent vessels going above the neutral ground, Secretary Pickering consulted Mr. Townsend, one of the iron kings of the day and an owner of the mine, and shortly after General Putnam gave an order for the chain. In less than six weeks the links were delivered to the army engineer at New Winsor, just west of Newburg, ready to put together. The carting was done by the neighboring farmers with their ox teams. The links were 2 feet long and 2% inches square, each weighing about 150 pounds. When put together the chain had a swivel at every hundred feet. It was about 1,500 feet long and weighed 180 tons. It was buoyed up by 16 foot logs, pointed at each end, so to offer as little resistance to the tides as possible. It was put in place in 1778. The part which is preserved was fished up from the bottom of the river in 1855, but the greater part was sold for old iron to the West Point foundry, years

New Clothes for the Army.

The new blouze is very simple in design, in cut and general shape much the same as that now in use, but braided only on "the front edges, the bottom, the collar, and on each side" where there is a "vertical opening on each

The letters U. S. in gold and the distinctive insignia of the branch of service to which the officer belongs will be attached to the collar, the present forage cap ornament being worn for that purpose-ornamentation of an il-lustrated reading matter kind. The sword-belt will be worn under the garment as at present, the sword hook passing through the vertical opening on the left side, except in field service, when it will be worn outside the blouse, the revolver, as is the custom in our service, being carried in a holster or the right side of the belt. It would seem that the main advantage pos-sessed by the new blouse over the coat now in use lies in its reduced cost, owing to the suppression of the ornamental braid on breast and sleeves. The present forage cap is not a very practical or comfortable head covering, but it has a certain jaunty military air entirely lacking in that to be worn in the army after Jan. 1, 1896, unless a kind Providence causes a change to come over the minds of the gentlemen having in charge the regulations gov-erning the clothing of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Made of dark blue cloth, three and one-quarter inches high, this cap has a black mohair "band one and half inches wide, with projecting welts, a visor of black patent-leather," and is in shape a cross between the cap of a sleeping-car porter and that now worn by naval officers. You may see some thing like it every day on the heads of so many bicycle riders, and it requires no great stretch of fancy to picture the cager glee of a street urchin inquiring of some honest fellow, in town pass" and doomed by department order to wear this most unmartial looking headpiece, what had happened to his wheel, or whether he had "bust his tire." While comfort and practicability are the main things to be considered in all military dress and equipment, to seems obvious that due regard for attractive and soldierly appearance should not be lost sight of.

Gen. Grant Ruled Blanks.

Upon him the adjutant-general put the critical eye, when Grant applied to him, and semed, like all the others, to be disposed to measure the unassuming man by his clothes rather than by his record and his intelligence.

He, too, said: "Well, I don't know that there is anything you can do to help us. We are pretty well organ-ized. But," he added, "hold on; you must know how to rule blanks for the making out of such reports as we make You certainly learned how to do that when you were in the army. "Oh, yes,' replied Captain Grant, "I know how those blanks should

ruled. "Well, you see," continued the adfutant-general, "we are short of these The department at Washington cannot forward us the printed

blanks as fast as we need them, the demand is so great. I think I'll set you to work ruling blanks. You may ome around to-morrow."

Captain Grant came, according to appointment, and paper, ink and pen with ruler were given to him. But he was not permitted to have a desk in the room where most of the clerks of the adjutant-general worked. That was a room well carpeted, a room with handsome desks and other convenient and comfortable furniture. Just outside of was a little ante-room, where the floor was bare, and the only furniture was a plain table and a hard-bottomed There they put Captain Grant chair. and set him to work ruling blanks; and thus, in that humblest of clerical work, he who was a few years later to command all its armies, and finally to rule the nation, began his formal service in

The Great American. It will not be regared as rank treason on this natal day, in this generation, to publish of him in a Southern community that he was a great and good man. He measured up to the work he was called on to do, and when he turned to obey the final summons he had written his name among the immortals. He held to bellef that he was elected president of the whole country as it existed when he was elected, and should see that the laws of the union were faithfully executed in all the states. This was the pivotal idea of the war for the preser vation of the Union. It was peculiarly and emphatically Lincoln's idea, and how well it prevailed let history say, With the lapse of time has come to us a clearer vision and broader views, and we have come to recognize him as one of the earthly great ones, whose laurelladen brow, made for the morning dropped not in the night. It would be fitting to make this his natal day a na tional holiday, for all men have come to know that to Abraham Lincoln to know that to Abraham Lincoln was it chiefly due that a government of the people, by the people and for the people did not perish from the earth.—Frederinksburg (Va.), Free Lance, Feb.

The love of the beautiful and true like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

Never pick up an old glove or sorres

AMERICAN AN



HEN the British left our shores the close of the revolution, says the Cleveland Leader, they left flying one royal flag which, as they nailed it to the flag-pole, they fundly hoped would continue to kiss the breezes for some time to come. They

had done this as an act of deflance to the young republic, and many a sol-dier's eye was turned upon this lone British emblem as the ships of King George dropped down the bay, and the spires of New York faded from view. Sir Guy Carlton had set apart a day

for the evacuation of New York, and it fell on Nov. 25. He was not very reluctant to leave, for the long eight years' war was over, and the colonies had not only beaten the king's men in fair fight, but had captured two of his best armies.

The Americans, led by some of their famous officers, were ready to march in and take possession of New York the moment the last red coat had vanished, and on the twenty-fifth there was a great deal of excitement, which could not be wholly subdued.

The streets were thronged with men and boys, and the latter were with difficulty kept from cheering the march of the British through the streets as they tramped down to the shipping to embark for England.
At the foot of the famous Broadway

stood Fort George, named for the British king, and from its tall staff floated the flag which the enemy had left behind.

It flapped in the breeze of that clear November day in a manner quite dis-tasteful to the Americans who had seen it waving there for almost seven years. They did not like the thought that it was to float on even after the last British soldier had vanished down the bay, and when Gen. Knox and his troops took formal possession of Fort George all eyes were turned toward that obnoxious ensign.

It must come down, but how? The patriots did not want to destroy the tall flag-staff, for they wished to hoist upon it another flag, which would represent the newest republic on the face of the globe, so they gathered about the staff as they suggested means of

lowering the British fing. The English vessels were vanishing down the narrows, and their white sails would soon disappear, but there in the wind waved the flag they had left behind, bidding defiance to their conqu ers, and saying in mute language that, though the colonies were free, the emblem of a king still remained to disturb them.

"I believe I could climb that pole," said a boy who stood looking at the An American officer, overhearing

these words, turned and gave him a look of astonishment. He was a good-looking boy, with a

fresh face, and strong, young limbs. "You do?" said the officer. "Do you



HE WORKED WITH A WILL really think you could climb that flagstaff and tear that banner loose?"

"I could try, anyhow." "Here, sergeant, take this boy to Gen. Knox, and let him tell him what he thinks he can do." A continental sergeant stepped for-

ward, and in a little while Johnny Van Arsdale was walking at his side toward Gen. Knox's headquarters. The boy had seen the chief of Washington's artillery, but had never been

in his presence The sergeant took the lad to the general's headquarters and saluted

"This boy says he can climb the flagstaff and remove the British flag. The kind face of Knox was illuminated by a smile. He looked the boy over from head to foot and said: "You look agile, boy. You have

elimbed before, have you? "Yes, sir," replied Johnny, blushing. "If you would let me try to take the flag down I would do my best."

"You shall try, and you look capable of doing it," and with another salute the sergeant withdrew and marched the delighted boy back to the parade ground.

The crowd gathered about the flagstaff, looked at the boy, and soon understood what was up. A great many of them knew him, and not a few knew how agile he was.

Not only had the departing British nailed their flag to the pole, but they bad knocked out the cleats and greased the staff so as to make it hard to climb New cleats were soon obtained, and Johnny Van Aradale went to work. He had brought with him a lot of sand and by nailing back the cleats and applying the sand to the slick pole, he managed to climb up hand over hand amid the cheers of the people.

Higher and higher he went, working like a beaver, but not looking down once upon the up-turned faces,

As he reached the top of the tall flagpole a strange hush seemed to fall over the crowd below. It was expectation not altogether unmixed with fear. There were those who feared that even should he reach the top his hands would not be strong enough to tear the flag loose; but the little patriot persevered until he could touch the ensign.

"Look, he is up now," said a voice far beneath him. "He has caught hold of the flag! He is tearing it loose; there, see how it yields! He will accomplish

The boy looked like a black speck, as

LAD. it were, as he clung to the flag-poie while he wrenched the flag from its fartenings.

He worked with a will, watched all the time by those on the ground, and when they new time he had wrapped the standard around his body, and had started upon his descent, a great cheer arose from every threat.

Lower and lower he came, hand over hand, with a flush of victory on his face. The banner flapped a little in the wind now, but its freedom was sub-dued. No longer it kissed the winds from the pinnacle of the lofty staff, nor was it nailed there in defiance to the

Louder than ever was the cheer that rent the air when the triumphant boy reached the ground, and unwrapped from his body the wind-torn banner which he had secured.
"I told the general I thought I could

bring it down," he said to the officer who stepped forward to take the captured banner. In another moment he was hemmed in by a wildly shouting crowd and strong

men took him upon their shoulders and carried him in ecstasy across the parade It was a moment of proud triumph for the little patriot, and his pride increased

when Gen. Knox sent to thank him for his daring act. In a little while another flag floated

from the flag-staff of Fort George; but it was not the standard of the king. It was the stars and stripes of the young nation which had secured its right to have a flag by seven year war; and when Johnny Van Arsdale saw the other banner waving gracefully from the flag-staff his eyes lit up with Joy.

"It is the prettier flag of the two

Long may it wave," cried he.

And while it floated there, the last British vessel vanished, and New York held no soldiers but those who would henceforth occupy It.

Johnny Van Arsdale lived a good many years after his daring act in lowering the British flag, and more than once he was compelled to relate to groups of children how he took it down from its lofty height, and saw the banner of freedom take its place.

Thus was the British flag, raised by men, taken down by a boy, whose name and deeds the pages of American history have kept alive even unto this day.

A CAT FIGHTS WITH FISH.

Pussy Likes the Sport and Is . Clever and Sure Catcher.

Cats, as a rule, don't like water, but an Italian fisherman named Michael has a large Maltese named Joe that loves water as much as other cats love a rug in front of a grate fire. Michael has one of those lattern-rigged boats, and goes fishing in the usual way, except that he takes Joe along. He likes to have Joe, and Joe likes to go. White the boat is on the way to the fishing grounds Joe lies still and don't mind now wet he gets or how much the little craft pitches about. But when the seine, with its load of wriggling fish, is hauled in, Joe's fun commences. He is most anxious to get hold of the largest, and will often jump into the net before it is landed. When a big rock cod is thrown on to the deck the cat is in its glory. He will run around and attempt to shake it as he would a mouse. The fish spreads out its fins and opens its mouth, and Joe gives it a twist by the tail that causes it to turn a dozen somersaults. Then the pair will roll over and over together, and the fishermen nearly kill themselves laughing at the sight. The cat gets wet and covered with scales, and rossibly gets pricked several times with the spines of the ish, but it seems to thoroughly enjoy the sport. When the fish is almost dead from being out of the water Joe seems to think it is all bis doings, and that he has really killed it in a pitched battle. He then waits for another fish fresh from the deep, and repeats the performonce. The cat seems to have no other idea in playing with the fish except sport, for it never attempts to eat the but lives almost entirely on the small fish that are used for bait. of or fisherman on the hay is in the world.

Get an Fre and Spin It.

In fact, get two eggs, one boiled and the other raw, and spin them rapidly on their sides on a mirror or other perfectly smooth surface. If you put the palm of your hand gently upon the bolled egg while it is spinning, it, of course, ceases to move, and remains motionless after you have lifted your hand, But if you do the same with a raw egg, it will immediately begin to spin again when the hand is removed Indeed, it is extraordinary how long you can hold your hand upon it without destroying its motion. The reason of this is no doubt apparent. The fluid within the egg continues to revolve, though the shell is stationary, while In the other case the whole stopped. If you attempt to spin the find that the boiled egg will spin for a considerable time, but the other will fall almost immediately on its side,

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

The characteristic of genius is not to fence be faultless, but to have qualities enough to cause faults to be forgiven. Some men's affection for their children is similar to the feeling they have in raising an unusually large cabbage. Apparently the heads of some people were given them merely as convenient bumps upon which to do up their hair.

Nearly every man who theatrical performance imagines that he attracts the attention of the leading The world will do one of two things

give a man en opportunity to earn a living, or, failing in that, give him a There are not many men who will

steal openly, but nearly every man will take advantage of another man's care-The persons who claim they can tell

a man's character by the color of his hair get "stumped" when they run against a bald-headed man. London, in 1894, had a population of

1,349,168, spread over 121 square miles, according to the secent report of the registrar-general an average of 37,250 to the square mile, and fifty-eight to The most densely populated Ulstricts are Whitechapel, with 196 to the acre, and Shoreditch, with 191. The death rate was 17.8 to 1,000, the lowest zince a record has been kept. The highest death rate for the year in any English town was 23.8 in Liverpool.

Throat Paralysis.

(From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.) It was publicly talked all over Clare County for some time before the Cou-rier-Herald sent a reporter to Dover to investigate the Coulter matter. He finally went, and we publish to-day him finally went, and we publish to-day his report. The Coulters are prominent people, though Mrs. C. in response to the question whether she objected to being interviewed, said, "Certainly not." Her story follows: "About 14 years age we decided to take up our abode in Dover and everything went along smoothly for seven years, business progressed and being of a saving temperament we accumulated quite an amount. Our family increased as the years rolled by and we now have 5 children, but sickness made its way into sur household, and doctors' bills flooded upon us, until we have nothing left but our home and our children. Everything our home and our children. Everything went to satisfy the claims of physiciana. "About three years ago I had a miser-

"About three years ago I had a miserable feeling at the back of my ears, my right hand became paralyzed and the paralysis extended to my arm and throat, and would affect my head and eyes. Sometimes for days I would lose my sight, my face was deformed, lifetess as it were, my nose was drawn to one side and I presented a pitiable appearance and never expecting to regard my natural facial expressions. I employed the best physicians that could be procured, expending thousands of dolployed the best physicians that could be procured, expending thousands of dollars for their services, but could not obtain relief. At last, they stated my case was beyond the reach of medical skill and it would be but a short time until the end would come. In connection with receiving the attendance of physicians I have tried every medicine known to the apothecary but never received any relief until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my assistance. Before I had taken half of the first box the deformity in my face had left me, and before four boxee had been consumed the paralysis had disaphad left me, and before four boxee had been consumed the paralysis had disappeared entirely and much to my surprise I felt like a new woman. I have not taken any medicine since last spring just about a year ago and my trouble has not appeared since. I owe my health, my life to Dr. Williams' Pink

"A short time since my little boy John was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. He could not walk across the room without solid not with across the room which assistance, in fact he would fall all over himself, but after taking a few boxes of Pink Pills. St. Vitus dance entirely took him, and no trace of it is left. These Pills are worth their weight in gold. You may say in this connection that I am willing at any time to make afficient. am willing at any time to make afficants to the truth of these statements, and furthermore I will answer any commu-

representation concerning my case.

Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all draggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. \$2.50.

The man who enters the straight gute has to

GOT THE BACKACI

You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches, he time, many more people have home back and backache. Few people under-stand the real cause of their aches, and lewer yet know how easily they can find cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The back is the key note of the kidneys. It sches; that's a sign that the kidneys are not working properly; it is lame; another sign, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood. but filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood ourses through the entire system impreg-mest with poisonous uric acid, bringing a many a disorder which, if neglected means discuse perhaps incurable. And now about the cure:—Don't take our word for it; read what others say:

Mr. David C. Oaks is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at 220 East Main Street, Kalamazoo. Oaks has suffered a great deal from kidney ailments; he described his condition and cure as follows: "I had a bad, lame back, known to own a cat, and Michael is as which I suppose was caused by my kidproud of Joe as if he were the only cat seys; was confined to my bed during bed ttacks, I might say, from time to time, I have been in that condition for years. The urinary organism was affected, urine being scanty, highly colored, and difficult n passage. I was in a bad shape when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about which I had heard. I have used now two boxes of them, and the pills have removed all the pain and trouble. There was a marked improvement right from the first, and it has continued along. Doan's Kidney Pills are the right thing in the right place.

For sale by all dealers - price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffai N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Rememb the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Galvanized Ster Wire Fencing. The most extensive and complete plant for the manufacture of wire fencing in the United States is the De on the mirror like a top, you will Fence Company, located at De Kaib, Ill. For years prior to 1890 barbed extensively fencing, but those using it often lost in fine stock, more than its cost and avoid danger to man or beast there was need of, and a demand for, a barble

> The proprietors of this comp having spent more than 12 years in the manufacture of wire fencing, recognized this fact, and have produced the best lines of smooth wire fencing for all purposes now in use. The success of this company is due to the managers adopting the true business principle of making good what they make, putting enough material in their lines to make them both strong and serviceable, instead of producing a cheap filmsy article only to meet the price of a that has never given satisfaction. This is what has made their fence so popular and in such great demand and to-day they have over 40 special machines. with a capacity of over 22 miles o fence per day, and their fencing is us in every state in the Union. The most used is their Cable Steel and Hog Fence for field fencing. Cable Poultry Fence, Steel Web Picket Fence, and Park and Cemetery Fence, and to com plete same they also make gates of we or steel frames to match, and alse fur nish iron posts. All of their styles of fencing are strong, neat, durable and

economical in price.

And everyone needing fencing of any kind will consult their own interests by sending to the De Kalb Fence Co., 227 High street, De Kalb, Ill., for bge catalogue and prices. The read is also directed to their advertisements in this paper.